THIS MAGAZINE IS
HAUNTED
NO. 10
10¢
APRIL
I AM DR. DEATH!
AND EVEN WITH ALL MY EXPERIENCE WITH DEATH AND THE SUPERNATURAL, I SHAKE IN MY BOOTS AT THE SIGHT OF SOME PEOPLE.
DOCTOR DEATH

. . . to turn the cover of

is to pry loose the lid of musty coffins and unleash eerie and terrible beings beyond all imagination!

10¢ ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10¢

THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

Executive Editor WILL LIEBERSON • Editor V. A. PROVISIERO • Art Editor AL JETTER

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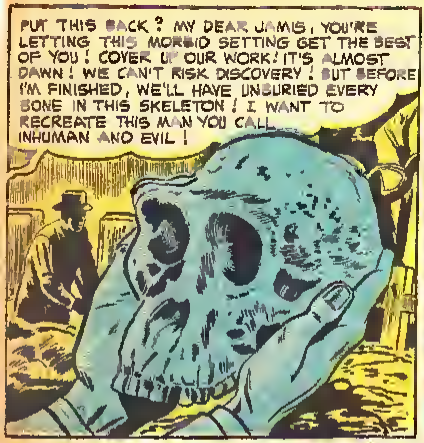
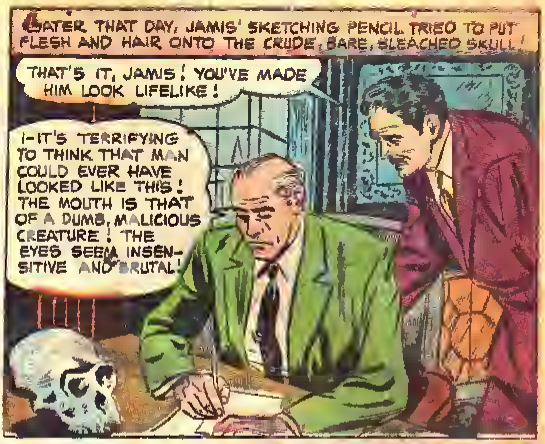
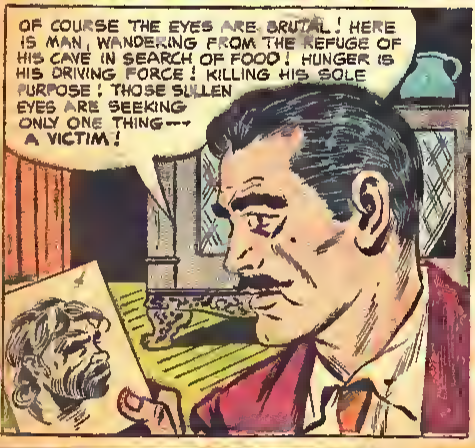

PUT THIS BACK ? MY DEAR JAMIS, YOU'RE LETTING THIS MORBID SETTING GET THE BEST OF YOU ! COVER UP OUR WORK ! IT'S ALMOST DAWN ! WE CAN'T RISK DISCOVERY ! BUT BEFORE I'M FINISHED, WE'LL HAVE UNBURIED EVERY BONE IN THIS SKELETON ! I WANT TO RECREATE THIS MAN YOU CALL INHUMAN AND EVIL !


LATER THAT DAY, JAMIS' SKETCHING PENCIL TRIED TO PUT FLESH AND HAIR ONTO THE CRUDE, BARE, BLEACHED SKULL !
THAT'S IT, JAMIS ! YOU'VE MADE HIM LOOK LIFELIKE !
I--IT'S TERRIFYING TO THINK THAT MAN COULD EVER HAVE LOOKED LIKE THIS ! THE MOUTH IS THAT OF A DUMB, MALICIOUS CREATURE ! THE EYES SEEM INSENSITIVE AND BRUTAL !


OF COURSE THE EYES ARE BRUTAL ! HERE IS MAN, WANDERING FROM THE REFUGE OF HIS CAVE IN SEARCH OF FOOD ! HUNGER IS HIS DRIVING FORCE ! KILLING HIS SOLE PURPOSE ! THOSE SULLEN EYES ARE SEEKING ONLY ONE THING--- A VICTIM !

PROFESSOR, THE SKY ! LOOK AT THE SKY !

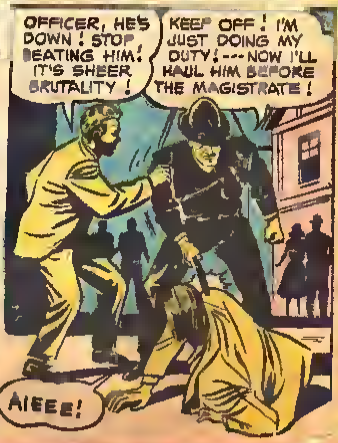
INCREDIBLE ! THAT HUGE RED CLOUD LOOKS JUST LIKE THE SKETCH ! IT'S AS IF SOME GIANT NEANDERTHAL MAN WAS LEERING DOWN AT THIS TOWN !

THE SUNSET PAINTED A FANTASTIC BLOODY RED ON THE MASSIVE CLOUD THAT HUNG MENACINGLY ABOVE THE TOWN ! THE PEOPLE WHO LOOKED UP IN HUSHED TERROR FELT A STRANGE UNEASINESS SEIZE THEM--- A DESIRE TO STRIKE, TO KILL !

AS THE RED, HEAD-SHAPED CLOUD HUNG IN BROODING OPPRESSIVENESS, DARK, DEEP-SEATED URGES SEEMED TO POSSESS ITS BEHOLDERS.
JOHN!
SLAP!
W-WHY DID YOU STRIKE ME, JOHN? ...WHY?
I DON'T KNOW! I WANTED TO DO IT! IT DIDN'T SEEM WRONG!
THAT NIGHT, THE TWO ANTHROPOLOGISTS WENT BACK TO THEIR GHOULISH TASK AND MOVED LIKE BAT-LIKE SHADOWS AS THEY TUNNELED DEEPER BENEATH THE VIOLATED GRAVE!
WE'VE DONE WELL ENOUGH FOR THE NIGHT, JAMIS! WE'VE RECOVERED THE BONES OF A COMPLETE UPPER TORSO EXCEPT FOR THE ARMS! COVER UP THE OPENING!
NO! I'M TIRED! YOU FINISH THE WORK!
JAMIS, I ORDERED YOU TO COVER UP THE PIT!
DON'T ORDER ME AROUND! I'LL DO WHAT I WANT!
YOU'LL DO AS I SAY! I'M MASTER HERE!
OWW!
WHAM!
THE SAME WILD, DRIVING IMPULSE THAT MADE HIM STRIKE JAMIS WITH THE SHOVEL ALSO FORCED NILES TO WATCH WITH INHUMAN PLEASURE AS THE BLOOD SPILLED DOWN THE STUNNED ASSISTANT'S THROBBING CHEEK.
HA! HA! HA! NOW, JAMIS, PERHAPS YOU'LL DO AS I ORDER! WHAT COULD BE MORE BASIC IN MAN THAN THE INSTINCT TO RESPECT FORCE?
PROFESSOR NILES, STOP THIS MAD WORK! CAN'T YOU SEE WHAT IT'S DONE TO YOU? YOU'VE NOT ONLY UNBURIED THE BONES OF THE BRUTE IN MAN'S PAST, BUT YOU'VE ALSO RELEASED THE BRUTE IN YOUR OWN NATURE!

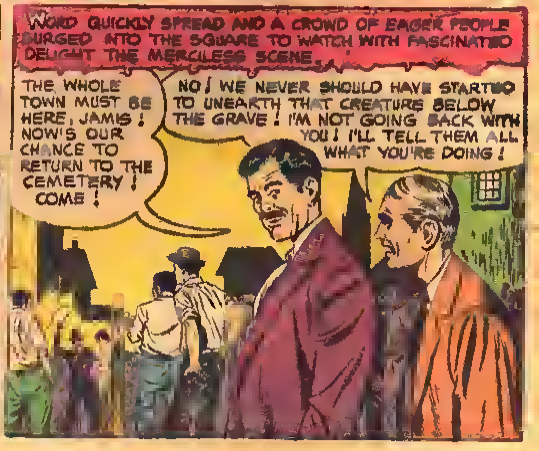
THE NEXT DAY AT DUSK, THE TOWNSPEOPLE STARED BEWILDEREDLY AT THE FIELDS. THEIR TERROR-FILLED EYES FOCUSED ON THE STRANGE APPARITION THAT STALKED IN THE WAIST-HIGH GRASS.

AND AS THE SPECTRE FORM FLITTED THROUGH THE FIELDS, AGAIN THE BEHOLDERS SENSED A STRANGE COMPULSION, AN ALMOST SENSELESS CRAVING---A LUST FOR VIOLENCE.



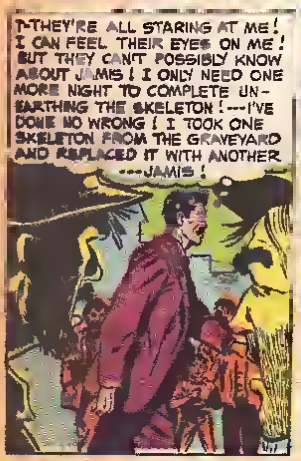
WHEN THE JUSTICE HEARD THE COMPLAINT, HIS EYES LIT UP WITH A MALICIOUS GLEAM AND HE PRONOUNCED SENTENCE WITH THE MALEVOLENT EXCITEMENT OF A LEERING SADIST.

WORD QUICKLY SPREAD AND A CROWD OF EAGER PEOPLE SURGED INTO THE SQUARE TO WATCH WITH FASCINATED DELIGHT THE MERCILESS SCENE.



WHAT SORT OF JIBBERISH IS THIS FOR A SCIENTIST?
DON'T YOU SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE? BIT BY BIT AS WE UNEARTH THE BONES OF THAT BRUTE IN MAN'S PAST, HE'S COMING TO LIFE AGAIN! LOOK AT THAT MOB! CIVILIZED PEOPLE SUDDENLY TURNED INTO INSENSITIVE BEASTS, ENJOYING ANOTHER MAN'S PAIN!---WE MUST STOP! WE MUST REBURY THOSE BONES!
JAMIS, YOU'RE TALKING NONSENSE! WE'LL CONTINUE OUR WORK! I HAVE A CHANCE TO FIND A COMPLETE NEANDERTHAL AND YOU'RE NOT STOPPING ME!
MY FINGER---LET GO!
FORGET THIS POPPYCOCK ABOUT MAN'S ANCIENT BRUTALITY RETURNING! START FOR THE CEMETERY! WE'RE TOO CIVILIZED TO STAND FOR ANY CRUELTY!
M-MY FINGER!
WITH FRENZIED HASTE, THEY DUG INTO THE COLD, DAMP CEMETERY EARTH, THEIR FINGERS GROPING FOR RELICS OF THE PAST BENEATH THE TOMB OF THE PRESENT.
LET'S STOP NOW! WE'VE DUG UP ALMOST THE WHOLE SKELETON AND THAT STONE AXE!
WHAT AN EXCELLENT WEAPON! HEAVY, BUT BALANCED PERFECTLY FOR A QUICK BLOW! I WONDER HOW THE HALF-STOOPED, GLOWERING NEANDERTHAL HUNTER FELT WHEN HE STRUCK HIS DEATH-BLOW WITH THIS?
AS JAMIS' HEAD CAME TO THE PIT'S EDGE, A SUDDEN, MAD IMPULSE SEIZED NILES! HIS FINGERS TIGHTENED ON THE STONE AXE AND WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH, HE SWUNG DOWN VICIOUSLY
AIEEE!
THUD!
JAMIS! JAMIS! ...H-HE'S DEAD!
H-IT'S ALMOST DAWN, I MUST HIDE THE BODY! ---I'LL LEAVE HIM IN THE PIT AND COVER UP THE HOLE! IF ANYBODY ASKS ABOUT HIM, I'LL SAY HE WENT OFF ON A TRIP! NO ONE WILL EVER DIG HERE! THEY'RE ALL TOO AFRAID! ONE MORE NIGHT'S WORK AND I'LL HAVE UNCOVERED THE COMPLETE SKELETON! THEN I'LL LEAVE! JUST ONE MORE NIGHT!

BUT THE NEXT DAY, AS PROFESSOR NILES WALKED THROUGH TOWN, HE NOTICED SOMETHING WAS WRONG! MEN WALKED WITH A STOOP, WOMEN'S FACES SEEMED COLD AND EMOTIONLESS, AND CHILDREN PLAYED VIOLENT GAMES!
HAVE THEY ALL GONE MAD? THEY DON'T LOOK HUMAN ANY MORE! WHY, EVEN THEIR BLASTED DOGS ARE ACTING LIKE UNTAMED WOLVES!


T-THEY'RE ALL STARING AT ME! I CAN FEEL THEIR EYES ON ME! BUT THEY CAN'T POSSIBLY KNOW ABOUT JAMIS! I ONLY NEED ONE MORE NIGHT TO COMPLETE UNEARTHING THE SKELETON!---I'VE DONE NO WRONG! I TOOK ONE SKELETON FROM THE GRAVEYARD AND REPLACED IT WITH ANOTHER ---JAMIS!

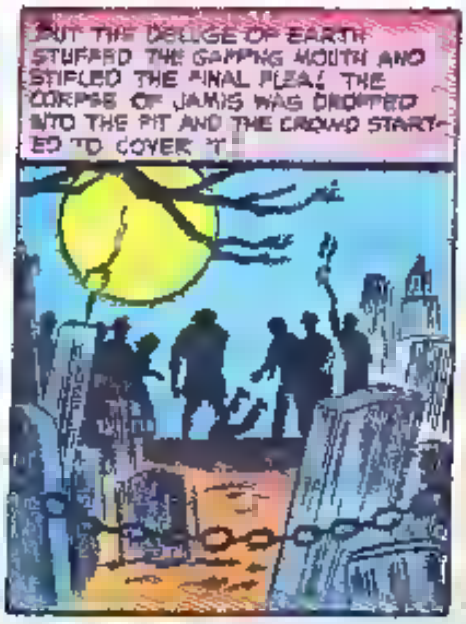
THAT NIGHT, PROFESSOR NILES BENT OVER HIS SINISTER JIG-SAW PUZZLE OF CLAMMY BONES!
IT ONLY LACKS THE RIGHT ARM! I'LL PROBABLY FIND THAT SET OF BONES A FEW INCHES UNDER JAMIS' CORPSE!

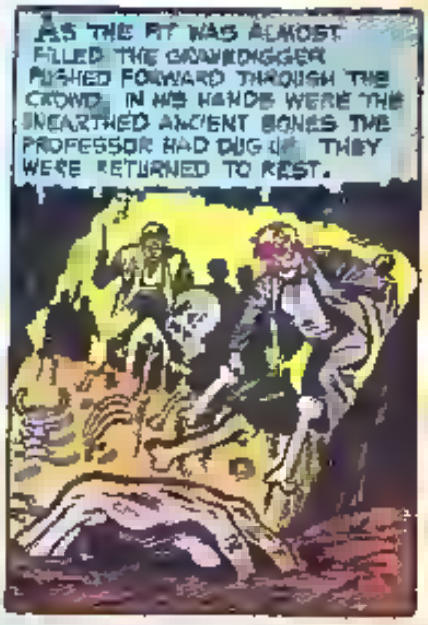
W-WHAT'S THAT?
GET HIM! FIND THE MURDERER!

THE NEANDERTHAL BRUTE! I-IT'S HIM AND HE'S CARRYING JAMIS' CORPSE!---THAT WHOLE PACK OF SAVAGE CREATURES IS FOLLOWING HIM RIGHT THIS WAY! THEY KNOW!

BUT AS THE OMINOUS, STOOPED, WILD-EYED BAND REACHED THE INN BEHIND THE CORPSE-CARRYING, ONE-ARMED PHANTOM OF MAN'S LONG BURIED PRIMITIVE PAST, NILES BOLTED IN TERROR!
THEY'RE AFTER ME! IF THEY SEE ME, THEY'LL TEAR ME APART!

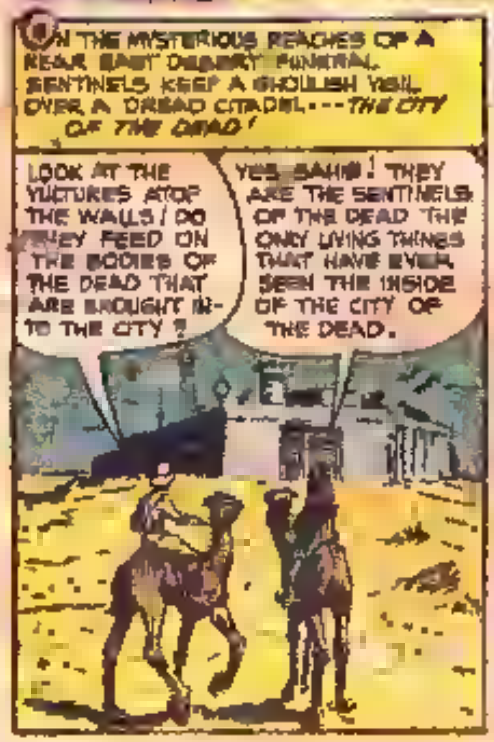
AS THE TORCHES FLARED AROUND THE INN, NILES RACED FORWARD IN PANICKY FEAR UNTIL SUDDENLY...
THE CEMETERY! HOW DO I GET HERE?...AND THE PIT...IT'S OPEN! I'LL HIDE IN THERE!
THIS PIT'S THE PERFECT HIDING PLACE! THEY HAVEN'T SEEN ME! THEY'RE GOING TO PASS RIGHT ON BY!
NOW'S MY CHANCE TO DOUBLE BACK AND ESCAPE THEM!...MY FOOT! I CAN'T MOVE MY FOOT! WHAT'S HOLDING IT AT THE PIT BOTTOM?
BONES!...THE RIGHT HAND BONES OF THE NEANDERTHAL SKELETON! BUT I CAN'T BREAK THEIR GRIP!
THE CIRCLE OF SERAMINGLY LOOSE HAND BONES TIGHTENED AROUND NILES' ANKLE AS HE DESPERATELY CLAWED THE PIT'S EDGE
I CAN'T PULL MYSELF UP!... I'M FALLING!
THE EARTH'S SHIFTING DOWN ON ME! MY FOOT'S TRAPPED...CAN'T MOVE!...I-I'LL BE BURIED ALIVE!
HELP! CAN'T ANYONE HEAR ME?...-HELP!
HIS CRY WAS QUICKLY ANSWERED! THE BRUTISH ONE ARMED FIGURE STOOPED ABOVE THE PIT, ITS FOOT KICKED THE LOOSE DIRT DOWN WITH LETHAL DETERMINATION!
NO! NO! I'LL BE BURIED HERE!





AT LAST, THE PIT WAS FILLED! THE BRUTISH PHANTOM OF ANCIENT MAN VANISHED! THE PEOPLE STOOD ERECT AGAIN! MEN FELT THEIR BEARDED CHEEKS IN BEWILDERMENT, WOMEN SMOOTHED THEIR TANGLED HAIR!

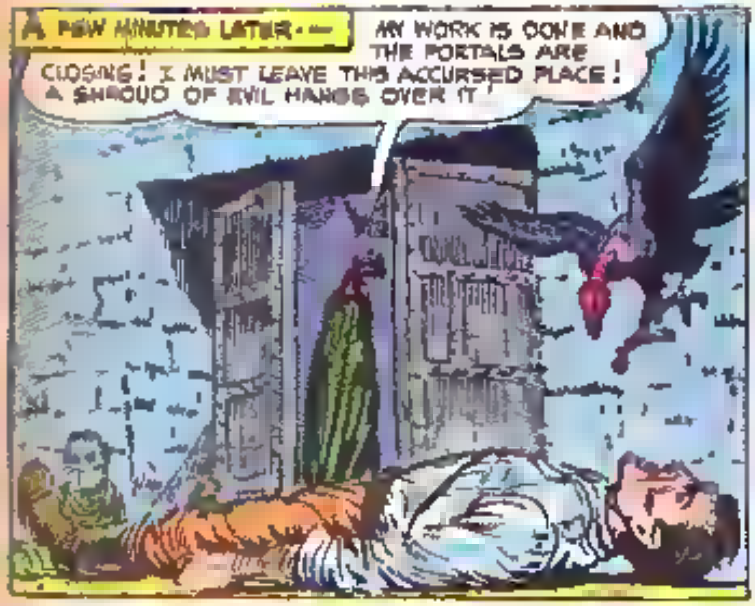
WOULD YOU LIKE TO TEAR ASUNDER THE DREAD MYSTERIOUS BARRIER THAT SEPARATES THE LIVING FROM THE DEAD ? THEN WHY NOT VISIT THE CITY OF THE DEAD --- IF YOU DARE ! HEH ! HEH !
THE CITY OF THE DEAD !


ON THE MYSTERIOUS REACHES OF A NEAR EAST DESERT FUNERAL SENTINELS KEEP A GHOULISH WATCH OVER A DREAD CITADEL --- THE CITY OF THE DEAD !
LOOK AT THE VULTURES ATOP THE WALLS ! DO THEY FEED ON THE BODIES OF THE DEAD THAT ARE BROUGHT IN-TO THE CITY ?
YES SAHIB ! THEY ARE THE SENTINELS OF THE DEAD THE ONLY LIVING THINGS THAT HAVE EVER SEEN THE INSIDE OF THE CITY OF THE DEAD.

THE WHOLE WORLD WILL BE ABLE TO SEE THE INNER SANCTUM OF THE CITY OF THE DEAD WHEN I GET THROUGH TAKING PICTURES ! THERE !
THIS IS A BAD THING SAHIB !

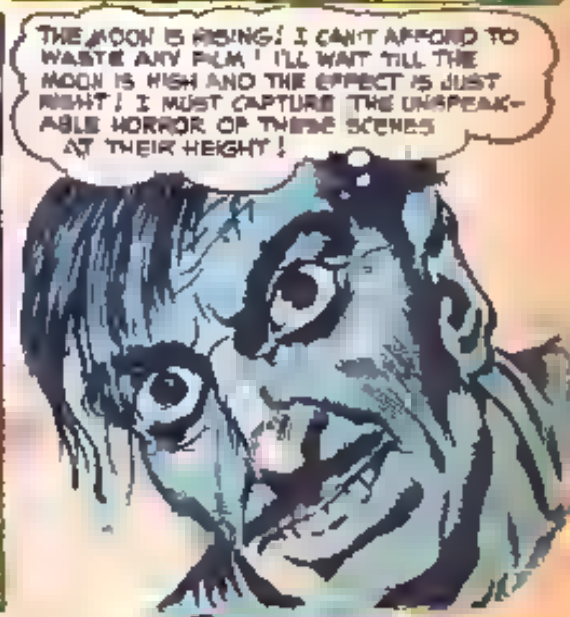
NOW TO GET INTO THE CITY OF THE DEAD AND GET SOME REAL SHOTS ! THEY'LL BE SPECTACULAR ! I'LL BE THE ONLY LIVING MAN THAT HAS EVER BEEN INSIDE THE CITY , AND THESE PICTURES WILL PROVE IT !
IT IS FORBIDDEN FOR THE LIVING TO ENTER THE DOMAIN OF THE DEAD !

WHO DARES ? I'M ENTERING THE CITY OF THE DEAD AND YOU'RE GOING TO HELP ME !
N-NO, N-NO, SAHIB ! BEHOLD WHAT IS WRITTEN ABOVE THE PORTALS OF DEATH NO--- BEWARE !
SO THAT'S IT, EH ? IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN SUPERSTITIOUS ROT TO KEEP ME FROM ENTERING THE PLACE AND GETTING THE PICTURES I WANT !
WHAT IS WRITTEN IS WRITTEN, SAHIB !
LET THOSE WHO ENTER THESE SOMBRE PORTALS AND DESECRATE FORSAKEN BY THE WORLD OF LIVING FOR ALL ETERNITY
JUST AS I THOUGHT ! THESE NATIVES ARE SCARED TO DEATH, BUT I'VE GOT A PLAN ! THIS DRUG WILL PUT ME INTO A DEATH-LIKE TRANCE ! THE NATIVE WILL THINK I'M DEAD AND CARRY ME INTO THE PLACE ! THEN WHEN I COME TO, I'LL GET MY PICTURES AND LEAVE !
WHAT IS THAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO DRINK FROM THE VIAL, SAHIB ?
POISON ! AS SOON AS I AM DEAD, YOU ARE TO PUT MY BODY WITHIN THE CITY OF THE DEAD ! UNDERSTAND ?
I'M NOT SURE ABOUT HOW MUCH OF A DOSE TO TAKE ! I'LL DRINK IT ALL TO MAKE SURE OF GOOD RESULTS !
WHAT IS WRITTEN IS WRITTEN !
HE SHOWS NO SIGN OF LIFE ! HE IS DEAD !
SURELY, IN MYSTERIOUS OBEDIENCE TO SOME UNSEEN POWER THE MASSIVE PORTALS OF DEATH YAWN OPEN IN GHOULISH ANTICIPATION !
THE D-DEAD BECKON TO THEIR OWN ! I MUST PLACE THE SAHIB'S BODY WITHIN THE PORTALS OF DEATH AS HE WISHED ME TO !


A FEW MINUTES LATER·—
MY WORK IS DONE AND THE PORTALS ARE CLOSING! I MUST LEAVE THIS ACCURSED PLACE! A SHROUD OF EVIL HANGS OVER IT!

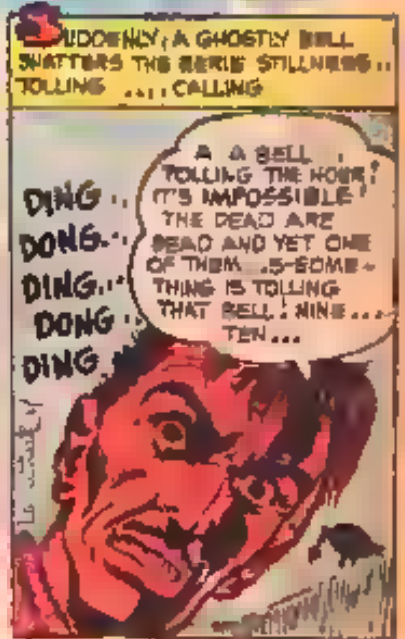
LATER AS THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S LIMP CLAMMY BODY STIRS ..
I—I'M C-COLD! W-WHERE AM I? HOW DID THESE HORRIBLE VULTURES GET HERE? W-WHY ARE THEY LOOKING AT ME SO HUNGRILY?

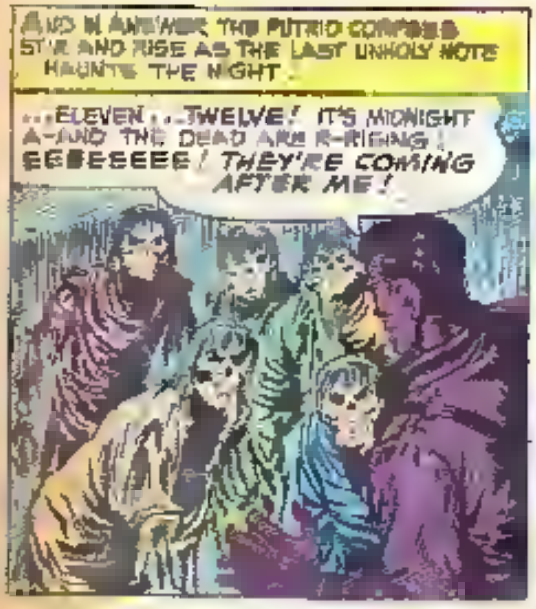
NOW I REMEMBER! I'M IN THE CITY OF THE DEAD! MY TRICK WORKED HA HA! WHAT PICTURES THESE SCENES WILL MAKE! VULTURES DEVOURING FETID BLOATED, HALF-DECAYED CORPSES CITIZENS OF THE CITY OF THE DEAD! HA! HA! THEY'LL BE SENSATIONAL!


THE MOON IS RISING! I CAN'T AFFORD TO WASTE ANY FILM! I'LL WAIT TILL THE MOON IS HIGH AND THE EFFECT IS JUST RIGHT! I MUST CAPTURE THE UNSPEAKABLE HORROR OF THESE SCENES AT THEIR HEIGHT!

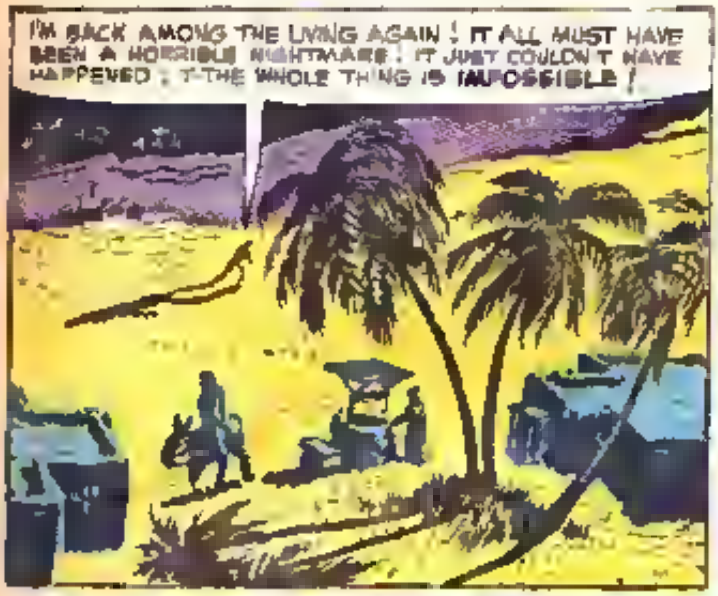
THE PALE MOON RISES LIKE A WRAITH TO ITS ZENITH AND HANGS AS IF TRANSFIXED AS IT STARES DOWN AT THE SOUL-REVOLTING HORROR REVEALED BY ITS GHOSTLY LIGHT AS MIDNIGHT THE WITCHING HOUR, DRAWS NIGH!
AH, AT LAST! THE EFFECT IS JUST RIGHT—AT ITS GRUESOME BEST!

BRRR THESE PICTURES'LL OPEN THE EYES OF THE WORLD AND MAKE THEM WISH THEY'D KEPT THEM CLOSED! IT'S PERFECTION!
CLICK


SUDDENLY, A GHOSTLY BELL SHATTERS THE EERIE STILLNESS.. TOLLING .... CALLING
DING..
DONG..
DING..
DONG..
DING..
A A BELL.. TOLLING THE HOUR! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THE DEAD ARE DEAD AND YET ONE OF THEM...IS SOMETHING IS TOLLING THAT BELL! NINE.... TEN...



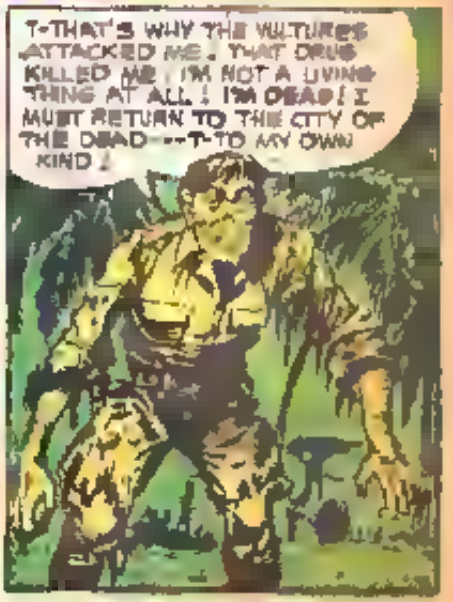
WITH A STRENGTH BORN OF SHEER HORROR-DRIVEN MADNESS THE TERROR RIDDEN VICTIM TRIES TO WRENCH FREE FROM THE SLIMY TALONS OF HIS GHOULISH CAPTORS!

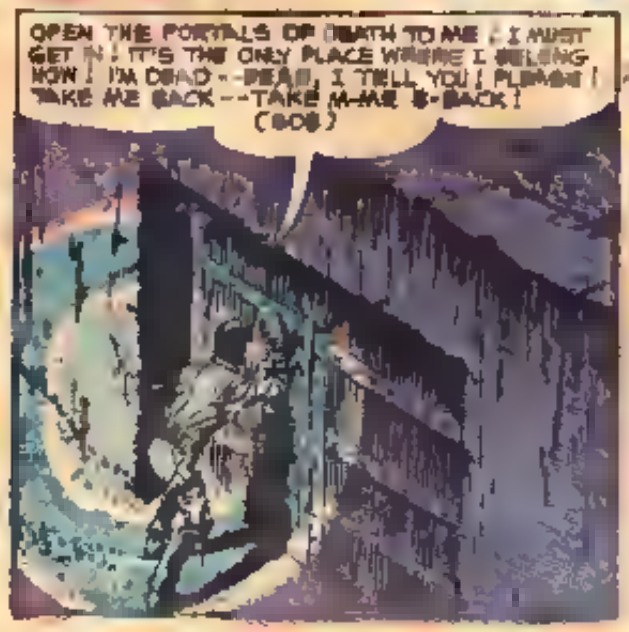

I'M BACK AMONG THE LIVING AGAIN ! IT ALL MUST HAVE BEEN A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE ! IT JUST COULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED ; T-THE WHOLE THING IS IMPOSSIBLE !

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THOSE NATIVES ? WHY ARE THEY RUNNING AWAY FROM ME ?
AAAEEiiii!

A WELL ! I'M DRY ! A DRINK OF WATER WILL REFRESH ME !

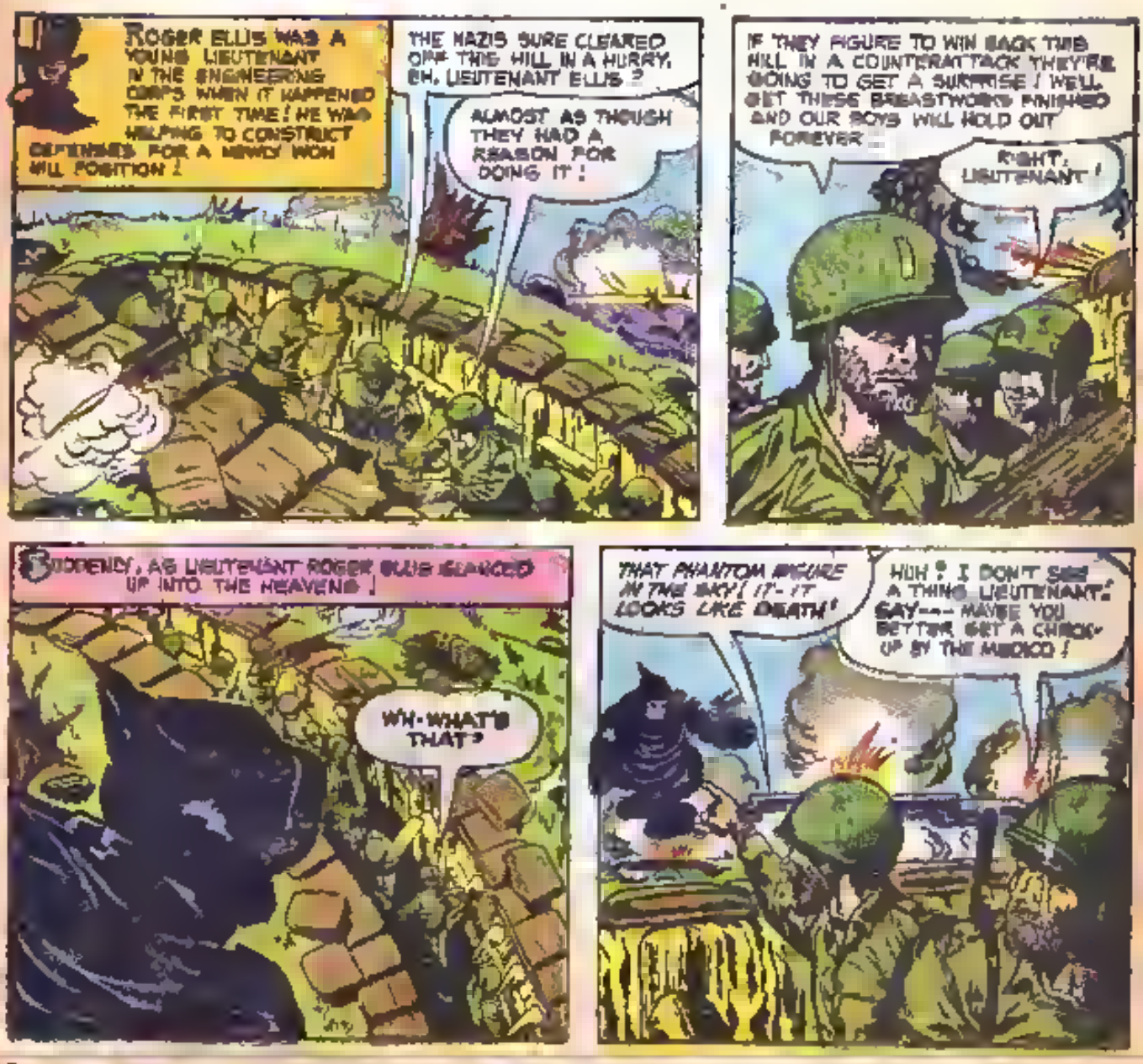
BUT SOON TO BE FORGOTTEN IN THE FACE OF THE HORRIBLE APPARITION REFLECTED IN THE STILL WATERS !
AAAAEEEEEiiii !
A G-GHOUL---I-IT'S !
ME !

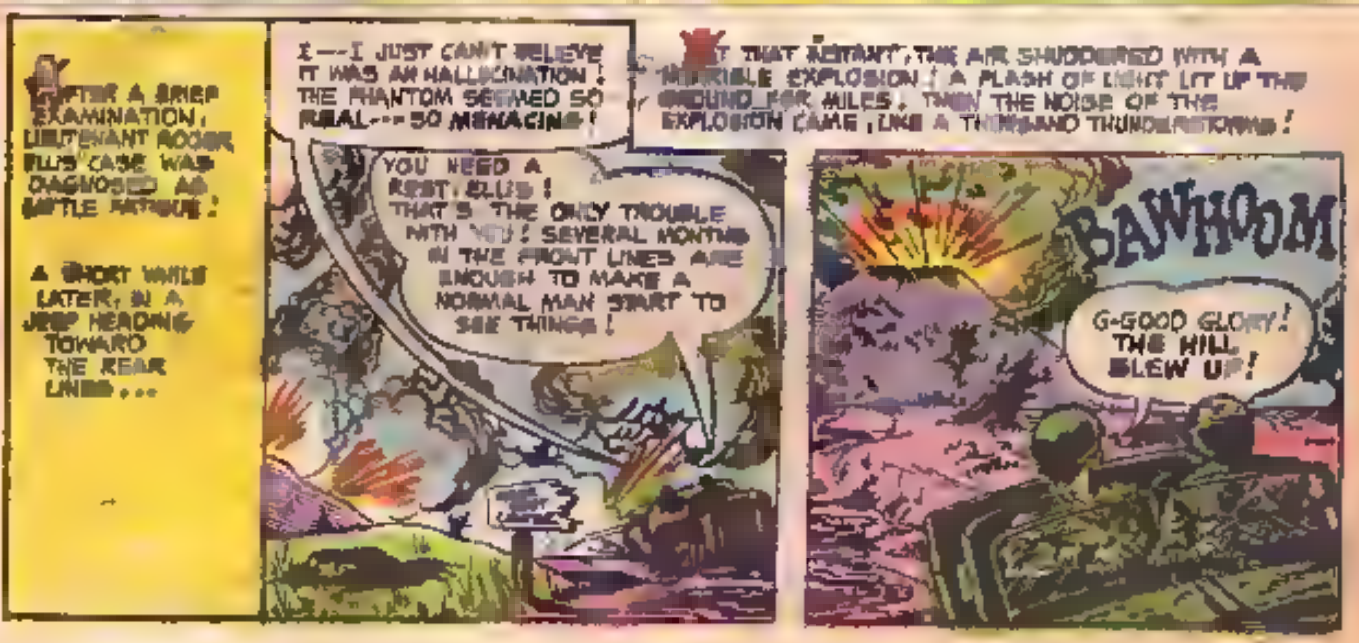

T-THAT'S WHY THE VULTURES ATTACKED ME ! THAT DRUG KILLED ME ! I'M NOT A LIVING THING AT ALL ! I'M DEAD ! I MUST RETURN TO THE CITY OF THE DEAD---T-TO MY OWN KIND !

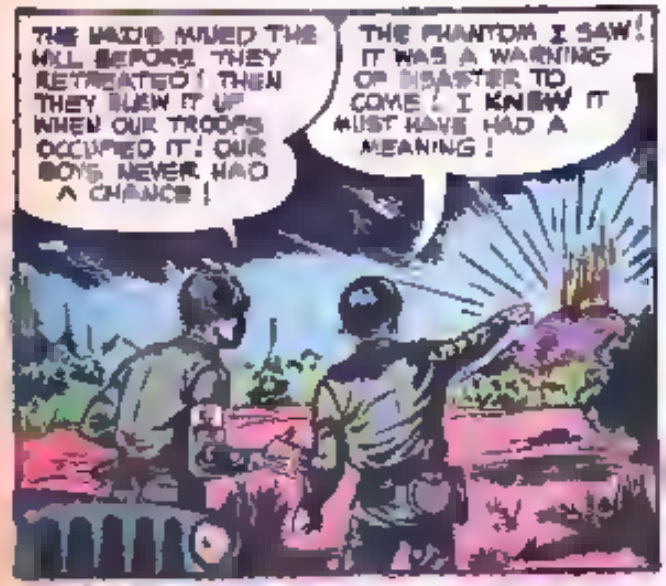

OPEN THE PORTALS OF DEATH TO ME ! I MUST GET IN ! IT'S THE ONLY PLACE WHERE I BELONG NOW ! I'M DEAD---DEAD, I TELL YOU ! PLEASE ! TAKE ME BACK---TAKE M-ME B-BACK ! (SOB)

T-TRAPPED FOR ALL ETERNITY IN THE REALM OF THE LIVING ! (SOB) B-BANNED FROM THE REALM OF THE DEAD ! (SOB) TRAPPED FOREVER !

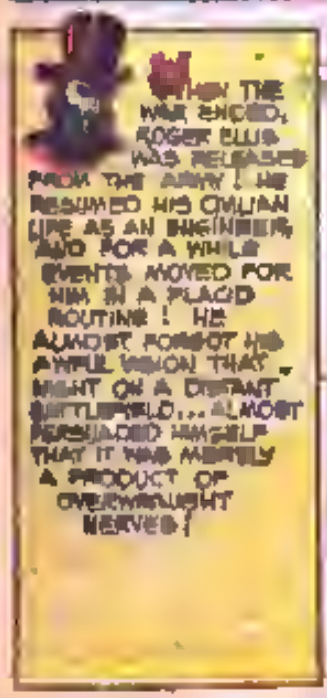
TWICE BEFORE ROGER ELLIS, ENGINEER—SAW THE PHANTOM... AND EACH TIME DISASTER FOLLOWED SWIFTLY IN ITS WAKE! NOW HE SAW IT A THIRD TIME; HOVERING LIKE A MENACING CLOUD OVER THE GREAT NEW BRIDGE THAT ROGER'S GENIUS WAS BRINGING TO COMPLETION!
WHAT COULD HE DO?
WAS THERE ANY WAY TO CONVINCE SANE, PRACTICAL PEOPLE THAT THERE WAS TRULY AN APPARITION WHOSE APPEARANCE PORTENDED DANGER... A REAL...
PHANTOM of DISASTER!
THE PHANTOM! I KNOW WHAT IT MEANS! THIS BRIDGE AND EVERYONE ON IT, IS DOOMED!
GET HOLD OF YOURSELF ROGER! THERE'S NOTHING UP THERE! NOTHING I TELL YOU!


ROGER ELLIS WAS A YOUNG LIEUTENANT IN THE ENGINEERING CORPS WHEN IT HAPPENED THE FIRST TIME! HE WAS HELPING TO CONSTRUCT DEFENSES FOR A NEWLY WON HILL POSITION!
THE NAZIS SURE CLEARED OFF THIS HILL IN A HURRY, EH, LIEUTENANT ELLIS?
ALMOST AS THOUGH THEY HAD A REASON FOR DOING IT!
IF THEY FIGURE TO WIN BACK THIS HILL IN A COUNTERATTACK THEY'RE GOING TO GET A SURPRISE! WE'LL GET THESE BREASTWORKS FINISHED AND OUR BOYS WILL HOLD OUT FOREVER...
RIGHT, LIEUTENANT!
SUDDENLY, AS LIEUTENANT ROGER ELLIS GLANCED UP INTO THE HEAVENS!
WH-WHAT'S THAT?
THAT PHANTOM FIGURE IN THE SKY! IT-IT LOOKS LIKE DEATH!
HUH? I DON'T SEE A THING LIEUTENANT! SAY--- MAYBE YOU BETTER GET A CHECK-UP BY THE MEDICO!


AFTER A BRIEF EXAMINATION, LIEUTENANT ROGER ELLIS' CASE WAS DIAGNOSED AS BATTLE FATIGUE!
A SHORT WHILE LATER, IN A JEEP HEADING TOWARD THE REAR LINES...
I---I JUST CAN'T BELIEVE IT WAS AN HALLUCINATION! THE PHANTOM SEEMED SO REAL---SO MENACING!
YOU NEED A REST, ELLIS! THAT'S THE ONLY TROUBLE WITH YOU! SEVERAL MONTHS IN THE FRONT LINES ARE ENOUGH TO MAKE A NORMAL MAN START TO SEE THINGS!
AT THAT INSTANT, THE AIR SHUDDERED WITH A TERRIBLE EXPLOSION! A FLASH OF LIGHT LIT UP THE GROUND FOR MILES. THEN THE NOISE OF THE EXPLOSION CAME, LIKE A THOUSAND THUNDERSTORMS!
BAWHOOM
G-GOOD GLORY! THE HILL BLEW UP!

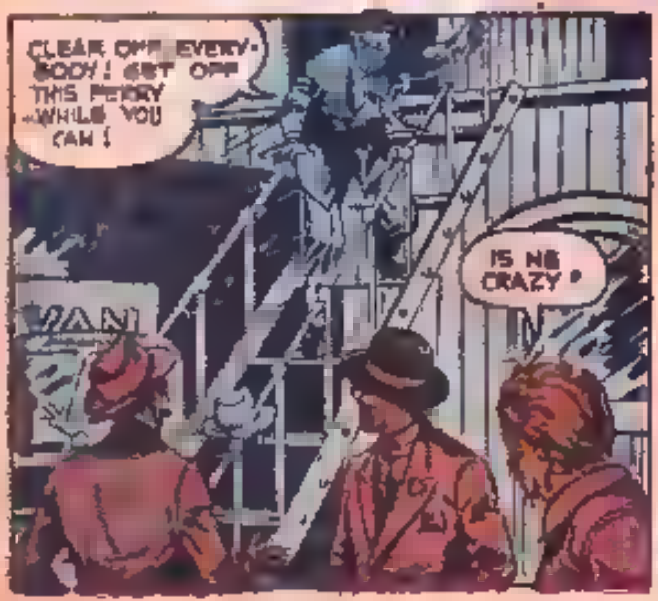

THE NAZIS MINED THE HILL BEFORE THEY RETREATED! THEN THEY BLEW IT UP WHEN OUR TROOPS OCCUPIED IT! OUR BOYS NEVER HAD A CHANCE!
THE PHANTOM I SAW! IT WAS A WARNING OF DISASTER TO COME! I KNEW IT MUST HAVE HAD A MEANING!

YOU MUSTN'T ALLOW YOURSELF TO BELIEVE THAT, ELLIS! THERE WAS NO PHANTOM! W-WHAT HAPPENED NOW IS JUST A HORRIBLE COINCIDENCE!
NO...NO! IT WAS A WARNING! THAT'S WHY THE FIGURE LOOKED LIKE— DEATH!


WHEN THE WAR ENDED, ROGER ELLIS WAS RELEASED FROM THE ARMY! HE RESUMED HIS CIVILIAN LIFE AS AN ENGINEER, AND FOR A WHILE EVENTS MOVED FOR HIM IN A PLACID ROUTINE! HE ALMOST FORGOT HIS AWFUL VISION THAT NIGHT ON A DISTANT BATTLEFIELD... ALMOST PERSUADED HIMSELF THAT IT WAS MERELY A PRODUCT OF OVERWROUGHT NERVES!

AND THEN, ONE EVENING AS HE WAS CROSSING THE RIVER IN A FERRY...
ANOTHER DAY'S WORK DONE! TONIGHT I'LL GO TO A SHOW AND...

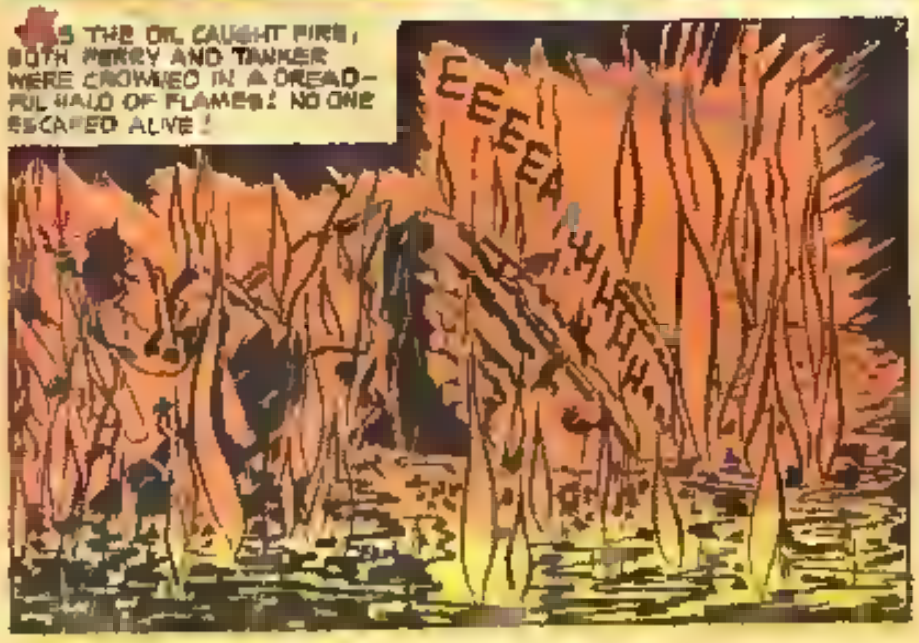
ABRUPTLY, AS THOUGH DRAWN BY A FORCE OUTSIDE OF HIS OWN WILL, ROGER ELLIS' EYES LIFTED AND HE SAW IT FOR THE SECOND TIME!
THE PHANTOM!


CLEAR OFF! EVERYBODY! GET OFF THIS FERRY —WHILE YOU CAN!
IS HE CRAZY?

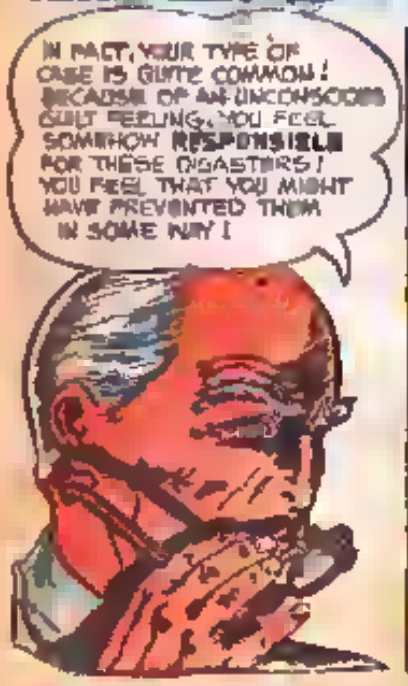
TURN BACK, DO YOU HEAR? YOU'VE GOT TO TURN BACK BEFORE DISASTER STRIKES!
NUH?

THE FERRY GLIDED SOFTLY ONWARD! THEN, LOOMING FROM THE DARK SHADOWS, AN OIL TANKER MOVED INTO ITS PATH!

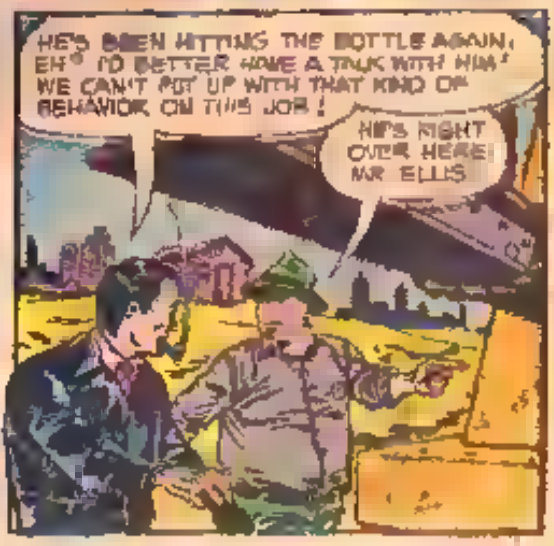
AS THE OIL CAUGHT FIRE, BOTH PERRY AND TANKER WERE CROWNED IN A DREADFUL HALO OF FLAMES! NO ONE ESCAPED ALIVE!



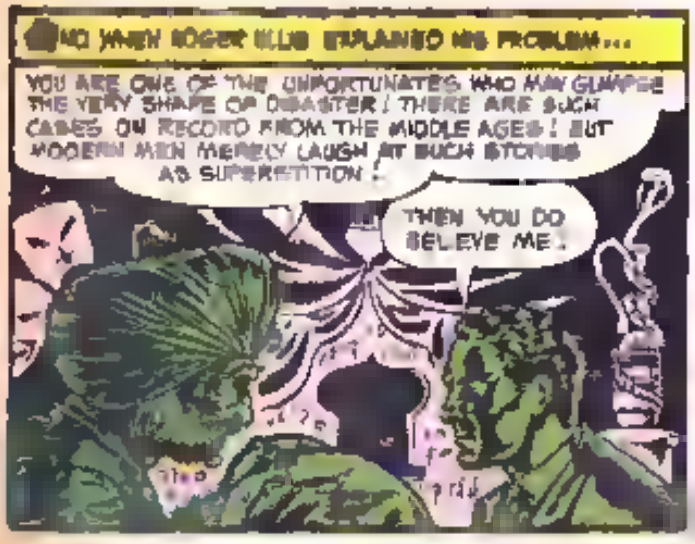
NO ONE, THAT IS, EXCEPT ROGER ELLIS!

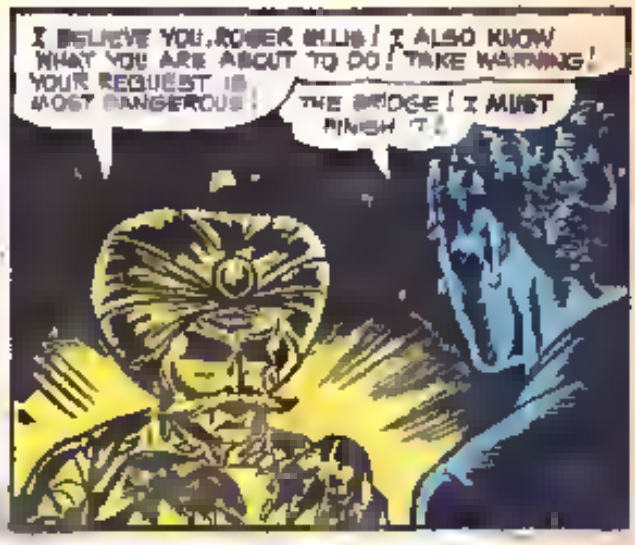


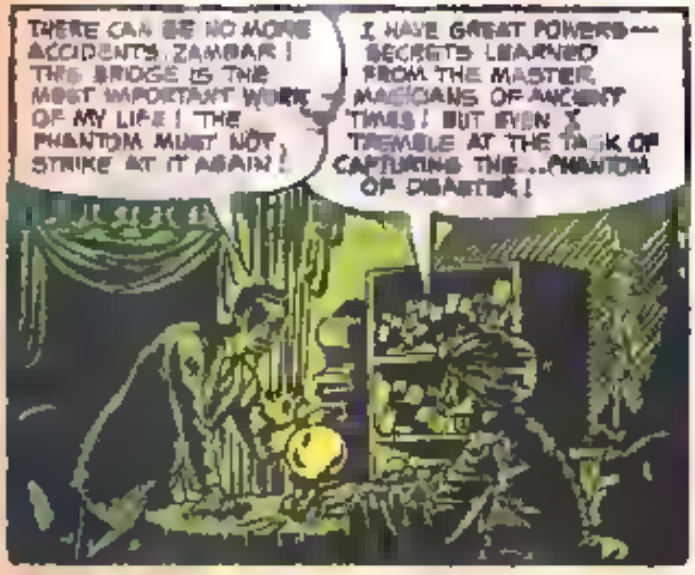
ROGER ELLIS TRIED TO FOLLOW THE ADVICE OF THE NOTED DOCTOR! AFTER A VACATION, HE RETURNED TO HIS WORK WITH REDOUBLED ENERGY AND SOON HIS BIGGEST PROJECT WAS NEARING COMPLETION!



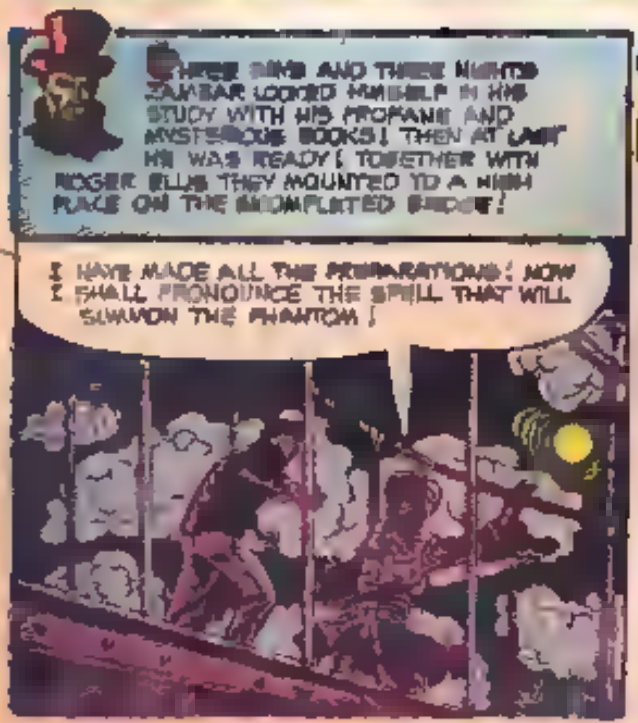
BILL--- I DON'T ALLOW DRUNKARDS ON MY JOBS! YOU'LL EITHER HAVE TO GIVE UP DRINKING, OR QUIT!
I DO MY WORK, SO WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE? A MAN'S LIFE IS HIS OWN! I DON'T BOTHER ANYBODY!
SEE THOSE MEN! A SINGLE SLIP CAN BE FATAL WHEN YOU'RE WORKING UP THAT HIGH ON THE SKELETON OF A BRIDGE! I CAN'T TRUST A WORKER WHO'S A DRUNKARD!
ALL RIGHT, MR. ELLIS! I WON'T TOUCH A DROP UNTIL THE BRIDGE IS FINISHED!
JUST THEN A COLD CHILL COURSED THROUGH ROGER ELLIS' BODY, AND HE GLIMPSED A FAMILIAR SHADOW...
OH, NO! NOT AGAIN!
SNAP!
EEEEE
HHHH!
GOOD HEAVENS!
MOMENTS LATER .
ONE OF THE GIRDER SUPPORTS SNAPPED! IT WAS AN UNAVOIDABLE ACCIDENT, MR. ELLIS!
TWO MEN KILLED! AND THAT SHADOW ON THE GROUND! IT WAS THE PHANTOM AGAIN!
THE PHANTOM CAUSES THESE ACCIDENTS! IT'S NOT TRYING TO WARN ME. SOMEHOW I'M GIFTED WITH A SIGHT THAT ENABLES ME TO SEE THE PHANTOM AN INSTANT BEFORE HE STRIKES!
ORDINARY MEN COULD NOT HELP ROGER ELLIS IN HIS DILEMMA! NOW FOR THE FIRST TIME HE WENT BEYOND THE LIMITS OF SCIENCE! HE WENT IN SEARCH OF AID FROM A MAN WHO BELIEVED IN THE SUPERNATURAL...
ZAMBAR -- THE SORCERER?
AT YOUR SERVICE, SIRE!

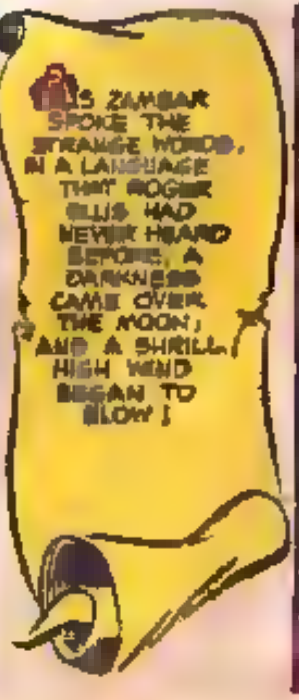

SO WHEN ROGER ELLIS EXPLAINED HIS PROBLEM...
YOU ARE ONE OF THE UNFORTUNATES WHO MAY GLIMPSE THE VERY SHAPE OF DISASTER! THERE ARE SUCH CASES ON RECORD FROM THE MIDDLE AGES! BUT MODERN MEN MERELY LAUGH AT SUCH STORIES AS SUPERSTITION!
THEN YOU DO BELIEVE ME!


I BELIEVE YOU, ROGER ELLIS! I ALSO KNOW WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO DO! TAKE WARNING! YOUR REQUEST IS MOST DANGEROUS!
THE BRIDGE! I MUST FINISH IT!

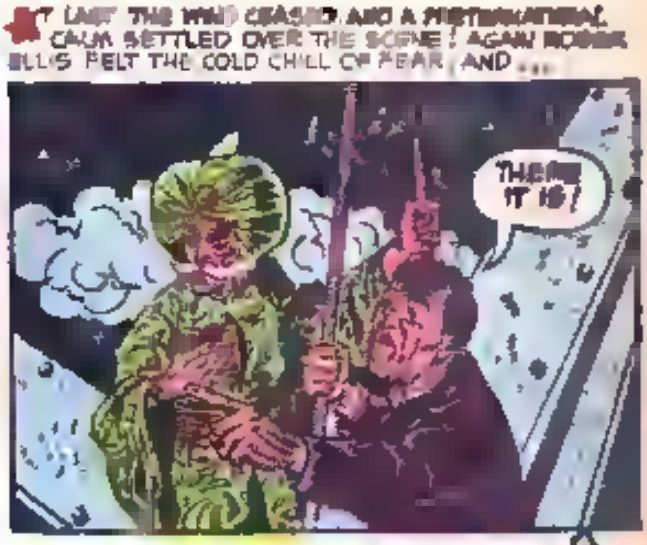

THERE CAN BE NO MORE ACCIDENTS, ZAMBAR! THIS BRIDGE IS THE MOST IMPORTANT WORK OF MY LIFE! THE PHANTOM MUST NOT STRIKE AT IT AGAIN!
I HAVE GREAT POWERS--- SECRETS LEARNED FROM THE MASTER MAGICIANS OF ANCIENT TIMES! BUT EVEN I TREMBLE AT THE TASK OF CAPTURING THE...PHANTOM OF DISASTER!

BUT IT CAN BE DONE! I'LL PAY WELL FOR THE RISK, ZAMBAR! THIS IS JUST AN ADVANCE!
VERY WELL! I SHALL MAKE THE ATTEMPT! BUT YOU UNDERSTAND THAT I CANNOT GUARANTEE SUCCESS!


THREE DAYS AND THREE NIGHTS ZAMBAR LOCKED HIMSELF IN HIS STUDY WITH HIS PROFANE AND MYSTEROUS BOOKS! THEN AT LAST HE WAS READY! TOGETHER WITH ROGER ELLIS THEY MOUNTED TO A HIGH PLACE ON THE ALMOST-FINISHED BRIDGE!
I HAVE MADE ALL THE PREPARATIONS! NOW I SHALL PRONOUNCE THE SPELL THAT WILL SUMMON THE PHANTOM!


THEN ZAMBAR SPOKE THE STRANGE WORDS, IN A LANGUAGE THAT ROGER ELLIS HAD NEVER HEARD BEFORE. A DARKNESS CAME OVER THE MOON; AND A SHRILL, HIGH WIND BEGAN TO BLOW!

HARDER AND HARDER IT BLEW UNTIL THE TWO MEN COULD SCARCELY MAINTAIN THEIR FOOTING AGAINST THE BUFFETING BLASTS!
THE PHANTOM! IT'S TRYING TO KILL US

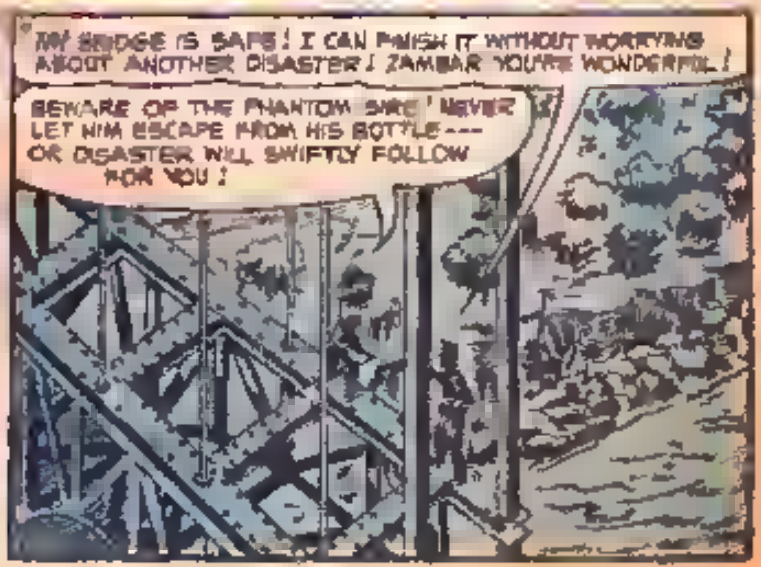

AT LAST THE WIND CEASED AND A PREternatural CALM SETTLED OVER THE SCENE! AGAIN ROBBIE ELLIS FELT THE COLD CHILL OF FEAR, AND...
THERE IT IS!

QUICK ZAMBAR! THE PHANTOM LOOKS ANGRY!
DO NOT FEAR! SOON HE WILL BE UNDER OUR CONTROL!

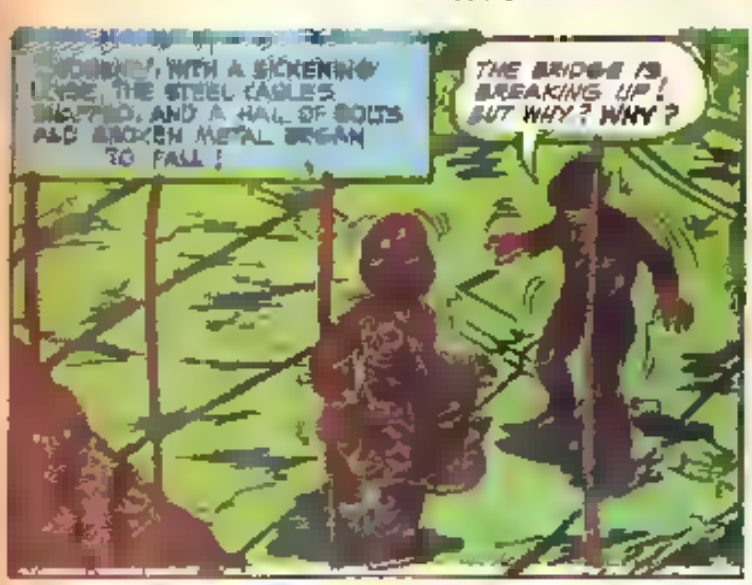
ZAMBAR UTTERED A FEW MORE CRYPTIC SYLLABLES! AND THEN THE MYSTY FIGURE OF THE PHANTOM APPEARED TO SHRINK, TO CONDENSE!
IT-IT IS BEING DRAWN INTO THAT BOTTLE!

WHOOSH

THERE! IT'S DONE! THE PHANTOM IS BOTTLED UP FOR GOOD
YOU CAPTURED HIM!


MY BRIDGE IS SAFE! I CAN FINISH IT WITHOUT WORRYING ABOUT ANOTHER DISASTER! ZAMBAR YOU'RE WONDERFUL!
BEWARE OF THE PHANTOM SIRE! NEVER LET HIM ESCAPE FROM HIS BOTTLE--- OR DISASTER WILL SWIFTLY FOLLOW FOR YOU!

ROGER ELLIS KEPT THE BOTTLE SAFELY HIDDEN IN A DESK DRAWER IN HIS OFFICE! HE NEVER OPENED IT! AND, MEANWHILE, THE GREAT BRIDGE—THE CROWNING ACHIEVEMENT OF HIS LIFE—NEARED COMPLETION!
IT'S ALL FINISHED, MR. ELLIS...
WONDERFUL, JORAK—SIMPLY WONDERFUL
YOU'VE BEEN A GOOD WORKER, JORAK! I'M GLAD THAT LITTLE TALK WE HAD STRAIGHTENED YOU OUT! I'LL USE YOU ALL ON MY FUTURE JOBS!
THANKS! I SWORE OFF LIQUOR UNTIL THIS BRIDGE WAS FINISHED.
BUT NOW I'VE WORKED UP A POWERFUL THIRST! AND I INTEND TO SATISFY IT JUST AS SOON AS I CAN!
YOU'RE ENTITLED TO SOME CELEBRATION, JORAK! GO RIGHT AHEAD—WITH MY BLESSING!
A SHORT WHILE LATER, ROGER ELLIS HAD ANOTHER VISITOR!
YOU SENT FOR ME, SIRE! IS ANYTHING—?
NOTHING'S WRONG, ZAMBAR! NOTHING AT ALL! I JUST WANTED YOU TO BE ON HAND TO WITNESS MY TRIUMPH!
BRIDGE OPENING
SOON THE GOVERNOR WILL ARRIVE, WITH THE OTHER CELEBRITIES, TO PRESIDE AT THE OFFICIAL OPENING CEREMONIES! BUT THIS IS OUR MOMENT, ZAMBAR—YOURS AND MINE
I FEEL THAT YOU'RE ALMOST AS RESPONSIBLE FOR COMPLETING THIS PROJECT AS I AM, ZAMBAR—IF THE PHANTOM HAD SHOWN UP AGAIN TO—
WHAT IS THAT?
I FELT THE BRIDGE SWAY!
YOU'RE RIGHT! THE SWAYING BECOMING MORE NOTICEABLE EVERY SECOND! BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THERE ISN'T EVEN A STRONG WIND!

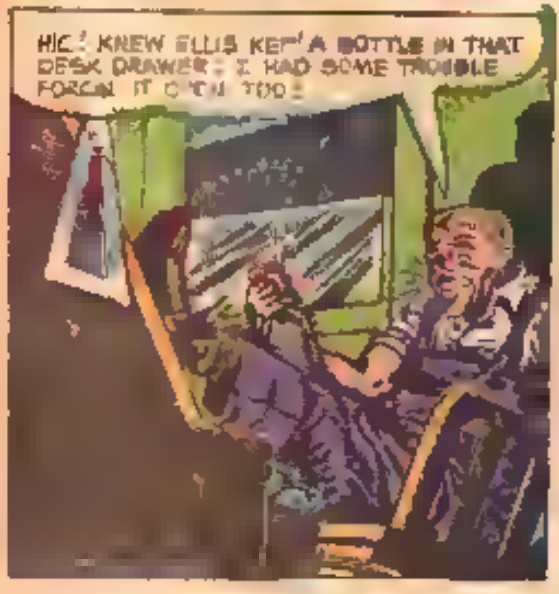

...WITH A SICKENING LURCH, THE STEEL CABLES SNAPPED, AND A HAIL OF BOLTS AND BROKEN METAL BEGAN TO FALL!
THE BRIDGE IS BREAKING UP! BUT WHY? WHY?

THE PHANTOM! HE'S ESCAPED!
EEEYAH! RUN!

THEY WERE TWO LITTLE MEN RUNNING FOR THEIR LIVES, AS THE GREAT COLOSSUS OF STONE AND STEEL SHUDDERED IN ITS DEATH AGONY!
KRACK

WHEN IN THE SPACE OF A HEART-BEAT IT WAS ALL OVER!

FROM MILES AROUND, PEOPLE CAME TO VIEW THE SCENE OF THE MAMMOTH TRAGEDY! ONLY ONE MAN WAS UNAFFECTED BY IT! HE WAS EMIL JORAK...AND IN ROGER ELLIS' OFFICE HE WAS LYING TOO STUPEFIED BY DRINK TO BE FULLY AWARE OF ANYTHING!
FINE THING...


HIC! I KNEW ELLIS KEPT A BOTTLE IN THAT DESK DRAWER! I HAD SOME TROUBLE FORCIN IT OPEN TOO!

ONLY THERE WASN'T NOTHIN' INSIDE IT! JUST SOME SMELLY OL' SMOKE POURED OUT! HIC! A FINE THING!

LET THAT BE A WARNING, DEAR READER! WHEN YOU SEEK TO CAPTURE PHANTOMS, YOU MAY BE COURTING... DISASTER!

THE MILLS GRIND FINE

By John Martin

THE MOON came out for a ghostly minute behind the clouds and lit up the great bay and the distant headlands with a pale, threedy light.

On the deck of the small yacht, Ban Wedderburn tossed his cigar overboard as he sat back luxuriantly and watched the red trail snuff out.

"Lights out!" he grated suddenly.

Giddon, his lieutenant, who stood by Wedderburn's chair, whispered an order through a speaking tube. Instantly, every light on the yacht went out.

"Engines!" came Wedderburn's command.

A slow, deep throb, and then the ship began to move out into the bay. Wedderburn kept his eye on the north headland behind which he knew Grayly's smuggling boat would appear any moment.

Giddon shuddered and crossed himself.

"What's the matter, you going yellow?" Wedderburn asked contemptuously.

Giddon glanced back toward the far glow that marked the small port of Santa Clara. "I heard them in the streets, yesterday, praying that you would die," he said.

Bren Wedderburn spat deliberately. "That for superstition," he said calmly. "If all I've got to worry about is prayers . . ."

"They prayed you would drop off the edge of life into Hell." Giddon looked around him uneasily. "Diamond smuggling and highjacking are okay, Bren. But . . ." He paused. ". . . killing whole crews on smuggling boats just to be sure no one survives and sinking the boats themselves . . ."

Bren laughed harshly. "I'm the big shot smuggler of this coast, aren't I?" he demanded. "I didn't get that way being soft. I rule this part of the ocean, Giddon, and don't forget it."

"You have enough now," Giddon said insistently. "Why go after Grayly? Why spill more blood?"

"Grayly's the last one left," Wedderburn said, rubbing his hands, smiling grimly. "After he goes his—and he will—there won't be anybody around here in charge but me!"

For an instant, Giddon hesitated. "In Santa Clara, you are so hated, they go so far as to pay *mamelof* witch doctors to pray for your death. You forget, Bren, you've sunk fishing boats, too. It's one thing to hijack rivals. It's another to antagonize fisher folk and their families. They're queer—they're not like us!" Again Giddon crossed himself. "I've heard stories of sudden death—no marks on bodies."

"The fishermen spy on me!" Bren Wedderburn snarled. "When they do that I sink them! Full speed!"

Giddon shivered and spoke into the tube. The yacht lurched forward faster. Then he followed Wedderburn as the boss smuggler got up and moved toward the two man manning the gun in the bow.

Then, from behind the headland, broke the nose of Grayly's boat.

"They've seen us!" Giddon said suddenly. He watched as the smaller vessel swung around nervously.

"Put a shot across their bow," Wedderburn said quietly, grinning.

The deck gun jerked like a live thing, roaring. Then it roared again. Giddon paled as he saw the second shell land on the wheel cabin and explode.

"Bring us alongside!" Wedderburn yelled back to the man at the wheel.

Minutes later the yacht crept up to the damaged smaller ship. Men, bleeding and dying, huddled on the deck. Quickly a board was thrown across and Wedderburn's men, led by Giddon, swarmed aboard. For awhile there were screams,—then silence. Wedderburn, sucking on a new cigar returned to his chair. Blowing out the match he'd lit it with, he saw his crew come back. Giddon holding a box in front of him, badly bruised, his arms tied behind him, marched Grayly.

"You open the sea-cocks?" Wedderburn drawled.

Giddon nodded.

Grayly turned his head and watched his boat, laden with dead men, sink slowly. When it was

(Continued on inside back cover)

The Mills Grind Fine

(Continued from inside front cover)

guns he looked at Wedderburn, then at the box Giddon held.

"All right," he said. "You've got my diamonds. You've sunk my boat. Go ahead kill me." He glanced toward the distant glow of Santa Clara. "You won't last much longer. Hear those jungle drums, Wedderburn? They're calling on the gods to drag you down to Hell!"

"I don't believe in gods," Wedderburn said acidly. "I believe in money. As for killing you—you'll do that yourself." He glanced toward the railing. "Get that plank fixed boys!"

Greyly stared in horror as he watched some of Wedderburn's crew tying the boarding plank to the gate-opening in the deck railing.

"See what I mean, Greyly?" Wedderburn asked. "I'm treating you honorable." He burst into a horrible laugh. "I'm one pirate chief treating another like — a pirate. Walk!"

Greyly looked at him, then shook his head slowly. "You're mad Wedderburn," he said in a savage voice. "And your madness is proof that the gods exist, for whom they would destroy, they first make mad!" His voice sank to a hoarse whisper. "I'm no saint myself, but with all the blood this coast has seen shed in hundreds of years, there's been no devil so foul, no demon so cruel as you!"

"Walk!"

Greyly drew himself up, turned, swept them all with a last, odd look, and walked to the plank without a murmur. Then, at the end of the plank, he paused, listening to the faint drums. "They'll get you, Wedderburn," he said. "*Somehow . . .!*"

There was a splash.

"Stupid swine!" Wedderburn said viciously. He turned to Giddon to give some order.

Giddon was looking down at the dark, hobbly waters.

"What the devil's wrong with you?" Wedderburn demanded.

"We have gone too far," Giddon said, his teeth chattering. "All this talk of the gods—I tell you, Wedderburn, it is not good to try their patience. Let us go inland, abandon this life on the seas, try other ways!"

"You craven, superstitious idiot!" Wedderburn said contemptuously. "When we started in smuggling years ago you didn't have a yellow streak down your back! You were never afraid of guns before!"

Giddon's glance was gray, bleak. "It is not guns I am afraid of," he said simply. "It is the unknown!"

"Everyone below!" Wedderburn said, snarling. "Out to sea and then down the coast to Aldebiras!"

There was a scrambling of feet. The deck emptied except for Wedderburn and Giddon. As the yacht trembled with the murmur of its motors, Wedderburn jerked a thumb. "Take those diamonds down to the safe. I'll come down later and appraise them."

Giddon did as he was told. Then, restless, anxious for a smoke himself, he came back up the companionway. The whole crew was in the engine room except for the steersman. He stepped on deck, saw the glowing end of Wedderburn's cigar at the bow rail, heard the drums from Santa Clara grow remote and distant.

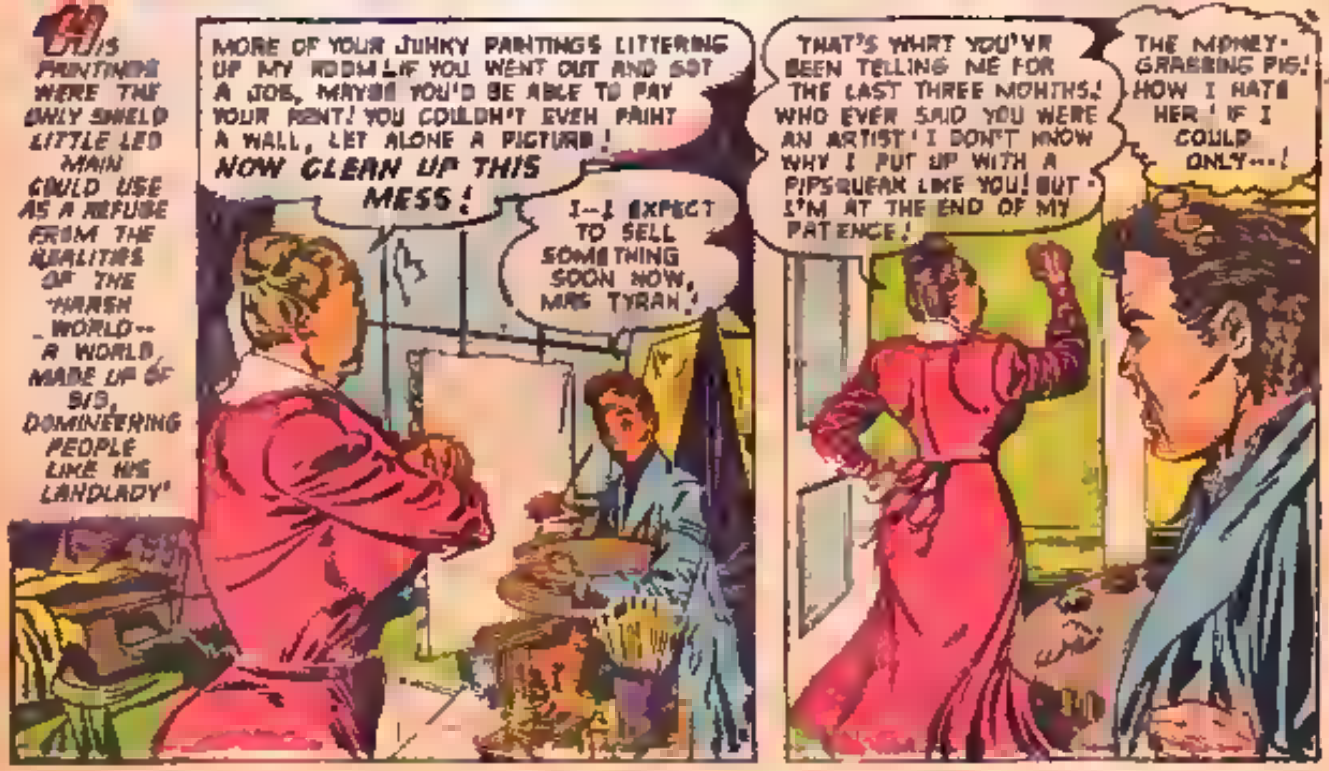
Then the ship staggered. A crashing, ripping sound tore at Giddon's ears. He saw Wedderburn fling up his arms, scream and try to run. Then Giddon's own blood froze as he saw the giant, god-like figure, crowned with a jagged gold diadem, armed with a long sharp trident rise out of the sea, laughing thunderously! Giddon screamed in incoherent terror. It was Neptune, he realized! Neptune—the sea-god who had ripped out the ship's bottom with his trident, who had come in godly wrath to take vengeance on Wedderburn and his crew! The gods had struck!

THE SHIP rattled in the water, sinking rapidly. Giddon knew neither he nor any of the crew could escape in time. Nor would Wedderburn. For him, Giddon knew, Neptune had reserved his personal vengeance. As the ocean crashed over the sinking deck, he saw the great trident sweep down amid crashing laughter and impale Wedderburn like a bug on a pin, drawing him beneath the sea to a watery grave.

Then the doomed ship, with Giddon and its crew, followed.

THE END

HE WAS SMALL... AND CONSTANTLY PUT UPON BY BIG, HULKING FELLOW BEINGS! FINALLY, IN A LAST DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO STRIKE BACK AT HIS TORMENTORS, HE ALLOWED HIS MIND TO GIVE BIRTH TO A MONSTROSITY WHICH WAS TO SHOW HIM THE DREADED PICTURE OF DEATH— A MONSTROSITY THAT COULD ONLY BE REFERRED TO AS...
THE FAT MAN!


HIS PAINTINGS WERE THE ONLY SHIELD LITTLE LEO MAIN COULD USE AS A REFUGE FROM THE REALITIES OF THE "HARSH WORLD"— A WORLD MADE UP OF BIG, DOMINEERING PEOPLE LIKE HIS LANDLADY!
MORE OF YOUR JUNKY PAINTINGS LITTERING UP MY ROOM! IF YOU WENT OUT AND GOT A JOB, MAYBE YOU'D BE ABLE TO PAY YOUR RENT! YOU COULDN'T EVEN PAINT A WALL, LET ALONE A PICTURE! NOW CLEAN UP THIS MESS!
I--I EXPECT TO SELL SOMETHING SOON NOW, MRS TYRAN!
THAT'S WHAT YOU'VE BEEN TELLING ME FOR THE LAST THREE MONTHS! WHO EVER SAID YOU WERE AN ARTIST! I DON'T KNOW WHY I PUT UP WITH A PIPSQUEAK LIKE YOU! BUT I'M AT THE END OF MY PATIENCE!
THE MONEY-GRABBING PIG! HOW I HATE HER! IF I COULD ONLY...!

SHAKEN BY HIS FEELING OF INTENSE HATRED TOWARD THE LANDLADY, LEE GAVE VENT TO HIS PASSION BY TURNING TO THE ONLY WEAPON HE HAD—HIS PAINT BRUSH! AND WITH DEFT, VIOLENT STROKES, A PORTRAIT SOON TOOK FORM!

THERE—(PANT)—! HE'S SOMEBODY BIG ENOUGH TO WRING HER NECK LIKE A CHICKEN!

IT—IT LOOKS SO REAL! ALMOST AS IF THAT FAT MAN WERE ALIVE—AND—SHE WERE ACTUALLY BEING STRANGLED! —WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME? I'D BETTER GET OUT AND GET SOME AIR!

LEE LEFT THE HOUSE IN AN EXTREME STATE OF AGITATION AND BEGAN TO WALK AIMLESSLY ALMOST AS IF IN A TRANCE! GRADUALLY, HE BECAME CONSCIOUS OF THE COUNTRY SURROUNDINGS AND AN ABRUPT DEEP-THROATED CHUCKLE BROUGHT HIM TO FULL AWARENESS!

HI, THERE—! LOOKING FOR ME?

IT—IT'S HIM!

THE FAT MAN! THIS WAS NO FIGMENT OF HIS IMAGINATION! IT WAS THE VERY PERSON HE HAD CREATED ON CANVAS! HIS MIND REELING, LEE BACKED OFF IN HORROR!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT OLD BIDDY ANY MORE! I TOOK CARE OF HER!

I—I'M GOING OUT OF MY MIND—!

HAW! HAW! HAW!

LEE RAN AND RAN—UNTIL HE THOUGHT HIS LUNGS WOULD BURST AND WHEN HE FINALLY REACHED THE BOARDING-HOUSE, THE HANDS OF THE LAW STOPPED HIM!

THIS MUST BE HIM ALL RIGHT, SHERIFF.

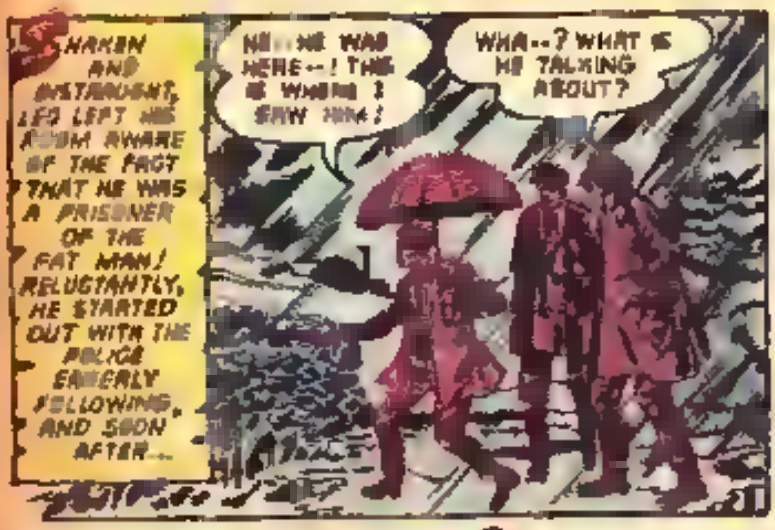
(PANT, PANT) WHO—? WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

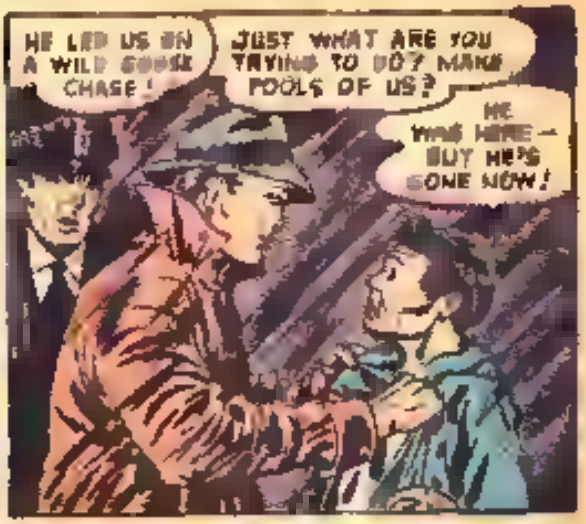
THAT'S WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW! YOUR LANDLADY WAS FOUND DEAD IN YOUR ROOM

D-DEAD—?

STRANGLED IS THE WORD! AND ALL SIGNS POINT TO THE WORK OF SOME FAT MAN! THE FOOT-PRINTS—THE MARKS ON HER NECK! A FAT MAN WHO MIGHT'VE BEEN HIM!

NO! NO! I KNEW NOTHING ABOUT IT! I DIDN'T DO IT!
COME NOW! THIS PAINTING IS SO REALISTIC, YOU MUST HAVE WITNESSED IT!
I DIDN'T DO IT! HE DID IT! HE'S THE ONE YOU WANT! THE FAT MAN!
ANN--THE FAT MAN! WHERE IS HE? WHERE'S HE HIDING?
I--I'LL TAKE YOU TO HIM! I KNOW WHERE HE IS!
COME ON--TAKE US TO HIM! HURRY--!
YES--I WILL--! I WILL--! JUST LET ME GO TO MY ROOM FOR MY UMBRELLA! THE RAIN--!
MAKE IT SNAPPY!
BUT HIS BELOVED PICTURES WERE WHAT HE WAS WORRYING ABOUT! HAD ANYTHING HAPPENED TO THEM? AND AS HE FLUNG THE DOOR TO HIS ROOM OPEN...
AIEEEEE!
AHH.. COME IN, MY LITTLE FRIEND! COME IN!
THIS FAT, SULKING, MENACING MAN--IN HIS OWN ROOM! AND STUFFING HIMSELF WITH THE LITTLE FOOD WE HAD LEFT! NO--IT COULDN'T BE! BUT IT WAS TRUE! WE COULD HEAR HIM TALKING!
BY THE WAY, LITTLE MAN, I WOULDN'T TELL THE POLICE ANYTHING ABOUT ME! AFTER ALL, I EXIST ONLY IN YOUR MIND! WE BOTH WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR KILLING HER!
NO.. NO! YOU DID IT!
I DID YOU A FAVOR BY GETTING RID OF HER AND THAT IS HOW YOU WISH TO REPAY ME, EH? MAYBE THAT LITTLE NECK OF YOURS NEEDS A TWISTING, TOO! IT'LL BE SO EASY!
NO--PLEASE! I WON'T TELL THEM! I PROMISE! I WON'T TELL--!





FILLED WITH DESPAIR AND HOPELESSNESS, LEO KNEW WHAT TO EXPECT WHEN HE REACHED HIS ROOM--AND HE WASN'T SURPRISED WHEN HE STILL FOUND HIM THERE! AS HE WATCHED THE FAT MAN STILL GORGING HIMSELF WITH FOOD, IT WAS AS IF IT WAS ALWAYS MEANT TO BE!

IN THE DAYS THAT PASSED, THE LITTLE MAN FOUND HIMSELF IN THE STATUS OF A SLAVE--WAITING HAND AND FOOT ON THE INSATIABLE APPETITE AND DEMANDS OF THE FAT MAN!

THE DAYS WERE LIKE NEVER-ENDING AGONY TO LEO NOW! WAS THERE NO END TO THIS HORRIBLE STATE HE HAD BEEN PLACED IN? AND THEN ONE DIM, STARING AT THE PORTRAIT HE HAD LONG SINCE COME TO HATE, THE ANSWER CAME TO HIM!
IF I COULD DESTROY THAT PORTRAIT, I COULD DESTROY HIM! HE EXISTS ONLY IN MY MIND! YES—THAT'S THE WAY! RIP IT-- TEAR IT--!
NOW WAS HIS CHANCE WHILE THE FAT MAN SLEPT! QUICKLY LUNGING FOR A KNIFE, LEO RIPPED AT THE PORTRAIT— HIS KNIFE CLEAVING THE IMAGE OF THE LANDLADY!
THERE--!
RIP!
THE KNIFE—! IT WON'T CUT THROUGH HIM! IT WON'T—! (GASP) IT WON'T—!
AGHHHH!
THE ANGRY BELLOW CAME FROM THE FAT MAN WHO SEEMED TO SENSE LEO'S INTENT TO DESTROY HIM, AND HE CATAPULTED HIS HUGE MASS OFF THE BED!
TRY TO DESTROY ME, WILL YOU? I'LL TWIST YOUR NECK LIKE A CHICKEN--!
NO--! PLEASE--!
I'LL SHOW YOU--!
D-DON'T--!
AG-GAHH!
TIGHTER AND TIGHTER THE FINGERS SQUEEZED AND SUDDENLY, THE DEATH RATTLE IN LEO'S THROAT FILLED THE ROOM!
GAHHHH!
AND AS LEO BREATHED HIS LAST, HE FOUND A NEW FREEDOM! FOR WITH HIS LAST BREATH, THE FAT MAN CEASED TO EXIST, TOO! AFTER ALL, HE ONLY LIVED IN LEO'S MIND!

HORROR

DEFYING ALL DESCRIPTION!

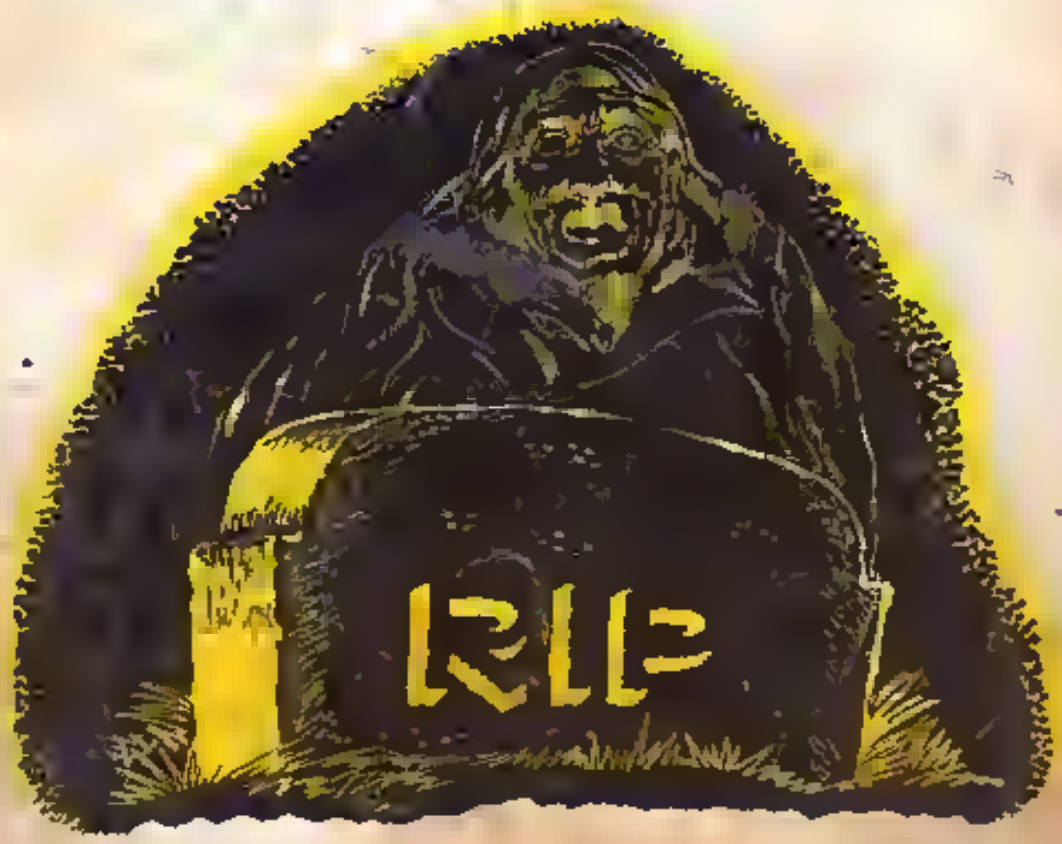
...SEE IT WITH YOUR OWN EYES
IF YOU *DARE*... IN

WORLDS OF FEAR

STORIES OF
WEIRD ADVENTURE

10¢ ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10¢

IF THE DEAD COULD BE
FRIGHTENED BACK TO LIFE...



THIS MAGAZINE IS HAUNTED

THE WEIRDEST OF ALL THE
SUPERNATURAL COMIC MAGAZINES
WOULD DO IT!

10¢ ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10¢